

Title: History of Richard 8

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Chapter Eight- Death of
the Past

The wind whipped around
the mountain peaks of
Fire Island, the crimson
light of flowing lava and
the inhuman sounds of
various daemons and
creatures which roamed
wild over the island
haunted the night air. The
darkness was pierced by
two glimmering blue eyes,
darting back and fourth
over the mountain tops,
illuminated by the
moonlight which shone
down from the heavens.
The eyes continued to
dart, sounds of exertion
were heard through the
night air, and the
glistening of a blade
intermittently caught the
glare of moonlight as it
flashed through the sky.

“My body is an ocean,
filled with endless
potential. Peaceful when
looked upon, deadly when
crossed.” The figure’s
words floated through the
night air, a silent whisper
heard only by the
mountains themselves. The
figure darted with
increased speed, the sound
of metal against rock
echoed in inhumanly quick
succession.

The clanging of the blade
began again, fragments of
rock fell off the
mountain as the figure

chipped away at various peaks. The figure continued its blinding dance far into the night, breaking off more and more stone from already weathered mountain peaks.

The figure stopped suddenly, looking towards a dark outcropping of stone, and completed three quick successive strokes of his blade. Standing tall, he lifted the piece of stone from the ground, a smile crossed his face, and his eyes flared a haunting bright blue. Deep into the night the sounds of a hammer and forge could be heard, echoing over the deathly still mountain range.

Richard jumped from each foothold to the next, climbing his way once again up the large mountain. The moon was out in full force, highlighting his now light blue eyes. A thin suit of damascened black armor clung to his form, finely crafted, although less so than that which a trained blacksmith would have created. Richard finally reached the peak of the mountain and bore his gaze down towards the burning pools of lava, and the large Daemon Temple of Fire Island, which towered through the jungle trees. Richard withdrew his blade, letting it catch the glint of moonlight, twisting it around, sending waves of light over the tips of jungle trees. The creatures below sensing the disturbance began to

yell and scream in agony,
their unearthly cries
nearly deafening Richard's
ears.

Richard stood tall, and
looked towards the west,
towards Minoc. With a
mighty yell, his voice
boomed over the island,
resonating through the
night air.

"SILENCE!" Richards's
voice sent ripples of
sound over the island. The
howling daemons cries
suddenly ceased and the
island sank into a deathly
silence.

"It is time I show my
father what his weak son
can do; he shall not see
the waves before it is
too late. He shall sink
beneath my will... and I
shall have no mercy!"

Richard's voice boomed
over the now silent
island, as a sudden wind
picking up from the ocean
flowed through his hair,
causing a slight smile to
fall upon his face.

"I shall show them all
my will."

The sound of pickaxes and
ore trolley's echoed
through the city of
sacrifice. Miners and
blacksmiths ironed out
wage through hammer and
shovel, the daily routine
of a blue collar working
town once again dominated
the day's events. Outside
of the cobblestone town
streets, the endowing
mountains, and the
melodramatic taverns, lay
the governor's mansion
of Minoc. The dark grey
stones of the well built
mansion stood out

amongst the hastily built miner shacks and gypsy tents, creating a feeling of superiority over other structures.

A lone man walked towards the mansion, dressed in dark black armor with a blade fastened to an ornate sheath. The man strode towards the mansion, passing various citizens with harsh but careful steps. Nearing the mansion the man quickly drew his blade, and in a blink of an eye, cleaved the heads from two unprepared guards. With an aggressive motion, the man kicked down the door to the governors mansion, approaching the upper floors with a quickened pace. Flashes of light moving in unearthly succession danced over the walls of the mansion as darkly clad guards slumped lifelessly to the floor. The man approached the governor's quarters with confident strides, boastfully moving past shocked servants and screaming maids.

“Father, I have come to pay you a visit. I remember everything now. Everything.”

Richard bellowed the words, sending commotion up amongst the servants and nobles residing in the mansion.

“I see, that is fortunate. I always wish for recognition in your eyes as I put out your spark for good. However I cannot help but think... how many times must I kill this worthless runt, how many times must I

prove to him that he will never be worthy of his fathers legacy of greatness?” The High Advocate sunk in his seat, keeping his fiery glare locked on his son.

“Your legacy is a group of brigands. Nothing more father. They are among the best swordsmen in the realm, but you use your knowledge and skill to pervert humanity. I have found out that I am not so unlike you... perhaps more so than you think. I believe I shall take your last name father, to remind myself that we are not so different.” Richard’s voice suddenly became calm, speaking in a mocking tone towards the High Advocate.

“You are not at all like me, you are weak and worthless. You are nothing.” The high advocate hissed, drawing the blade at his side.

“Then I will be nothing, it is more pure than what you are. I will take pity on you for giving birth to what I am, father. But I will not grant you mercy.”

Richard quickly reached into his armor, and pulled out a dagger. With precise accuracy, the dagger implanted itself in his father’s neck.

“How could you know! You were only a...” The High Advocate’s voice cut off as his body slumped to the floor, lifeless.

“I am a child of Moonglow, father. The magic of a thousand

mages runs through my veins. You should have never underestimated me.” Richard stood over his father’s body, phosphorescent blue eyes ablaze with unbridled fury and adrenaline.

“You are only the first to feel my will, father. All those who preach darkness shall bow before it, and like you, I shall not grant them mercy.”